

THE GREAT FOOTRACE

CONTINUED

"Well,
I decla-uh,"
SAID THE SOUTHERN BELLE



1 THE MAINE barker was trying a pipeful of my Bond Street tobacco, as we crossed past. "Maine," he was saying, "I like that! Now body! Smells nice, too!"



2 SHE STOPPED dead, tammed with fire in her eyes. "He means the tobacco, mister," I said. "Bond Street. Made by Philip Morris, with a new aromatic tobacco."



3 "Well, I decla-uh," she said. "All the gentlemen in Atlanta smoke Bond Street, 'cause they know the ladies like it—even in the parlor. Any you from the South, mister?"



4 THE MAINE barker passed, Yankee barker struggling with Yankee drawl. "Sure, bud, while he decked with a modern Southern accent. "South Portland!"



"change to
**BOND
STREET**
...for
fragrant
smoking!"

Made by the PHILIP MORRIS PROCESS

ringtail, headbustin' muckiller from the banks of the Shawneecky. I fight all the time exceptin' when I'm eatin', and I eat all the time exceptin' when I'm fightin'. I strangle bats with my bare hands for a livin'. I chase wildcat tail-infloller ter-cess. I've slept with ever widder under forty in the County and none of 'em twist, and I kiss like a cold with a redhot cox under her tail. I use minnows like you to bait mink hook, with whom I go fishin'.

For answer, Flash Perkins jerked off coat and shirt. He threw his hat on the ground. It looked as though he was going to hit Johnny.

"Fight! Fight!" someone yelled.

A big crowd had already gathered. But smiling all the time, Flash sat down on the sidewalk and pulled off his shoes.

"Come on, Jack, he said. No use waitin' till Fourth of July. I'll race you right now from here to the Baptist Church, or anywhere else you wanna race to.

Make it the church, Johnny said.

He pulled off coat, tie, and shirt. He sat down on the ground and pulled off shoes and socks. Bare to the waist, he started through the crowd to Flash Perkins.

In the Saloon window, the reflections of two young men leaned slightly forward. The sun shone on the hard, broad-shouldered body of Flash Perkins, who stood in stocking feet a trifle shorter



FALSE START weeks before the race was canceled by Carney (in derby) so he could make his bet. He had a plan to beat Flash.

than Johnny, shone on the shag of his brown hair, his early beard, his smiling teeth, shone on the low ribs and sinewy shoulders of Johnny Shawnessy, shone on his chestnut-colored hair.

"Set you off, Fred, Flash said.

"Just a minute, Cash Carney said, stepping up. Put your duds on, John.

"What fer?" Flash said.

"This boy ain't racing today, Cash said. He's under contract to me, and he don't race for any but big stakes.

"If he don't race me now, he's a yallerbellied coward.

"He's not racing, Cash said. That's final. You're afraid to run him regular and official, Perkins, because you're afraid of losing money."

"Get a harr! Flash Perkins yelled.

"Here's a halfie 'im odds of two to one, Flash said.

"I'll give 'im odds of two to one, Flash said.

"You just say that, Perkins, Cash said, because you know nobody'll let you. If someone come along with a little hard cash, you'd let yourself out of them odds, and you know it.

"Try me and see, Flash said.

Cash Carney reached in a harr pocket and coolly took out a leather snap-purse. The crowd became reverently silent as Cash took five gold coins out of the purse and held them in the cup of his hand.

"Here's fifty dollars says you're a liar, Perkins, Cash said.

"I'll cover it, Flash said, or if I can't, my sidekicks will before the Fourth of July.

"I'll take some of that, myself, Garwood Jones said. Friendship is friendship, John, but a bet on Flash Perkins is a sure thing.

Johnny began to put on his clothes. He fixed his tie in the plate-glass window, where the sunlit images of the crowd mixed insanely. The hard, high nasal talk rasped in his ears.

"I'll see you sometime, Jack, Flash said. I promise not to beat you more'n a city block.

Flash Perkins walked straight into the batwing doors of the Saloon without hollering to put out his hand. The doors slapped

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